

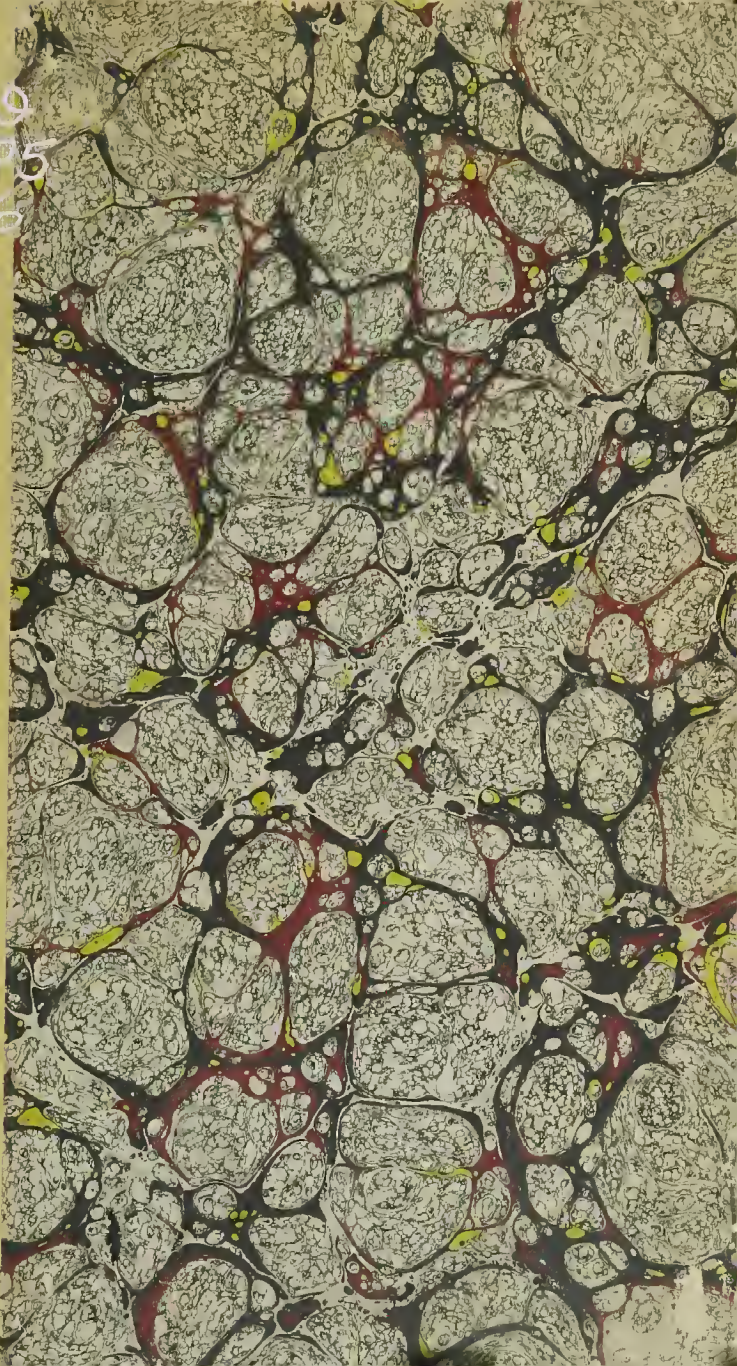
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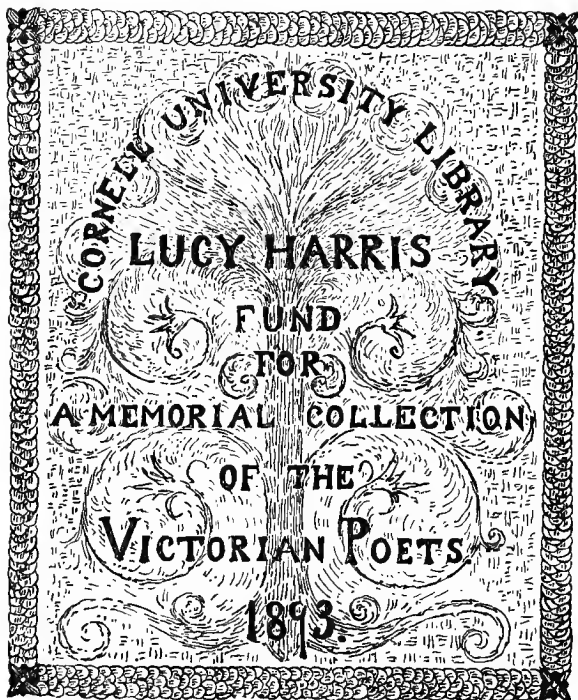
The Pilgrimage



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The  
Pilgrimage.

by  
Lord Francis Egerton

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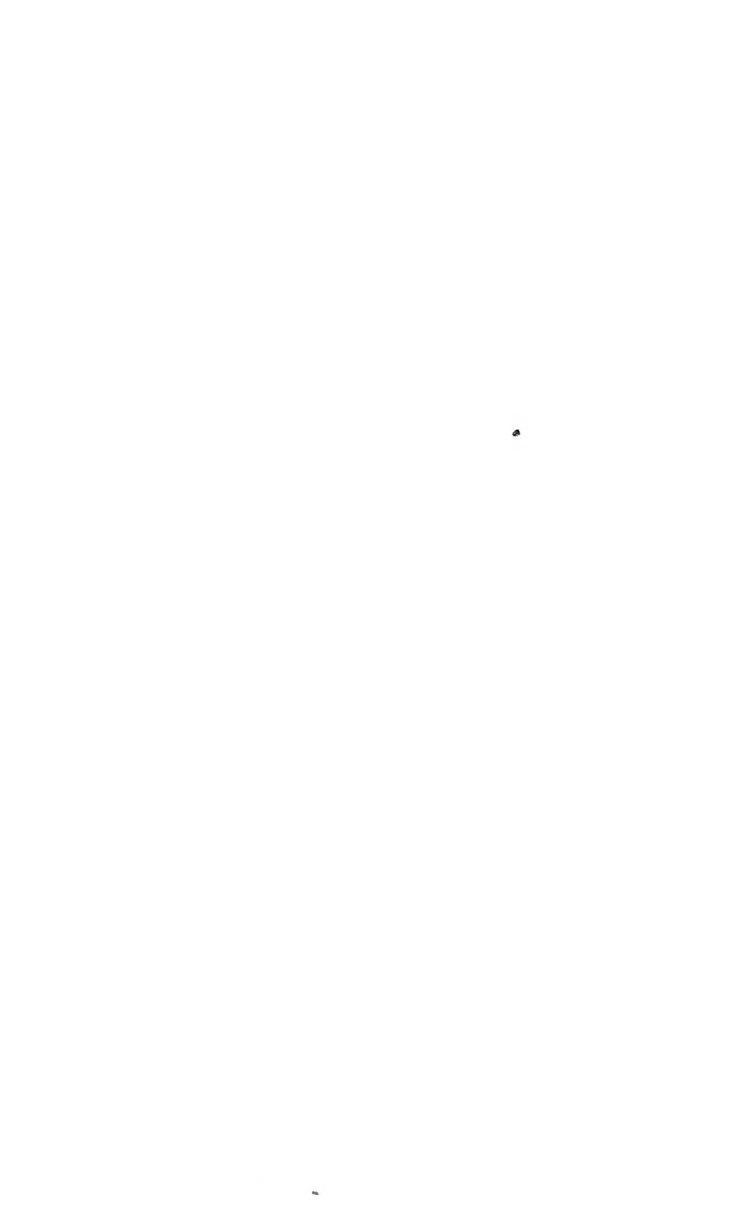
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The  
Pilgrimage.

by

Ellesmere, Francis Egerton, 1st earl...

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“To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible were it endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”—JOHNSON'S TOUR IN THE HEBRIDES.



# The Pilgrimage.

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## CONTENTS.

THE APPROACH.—JERUSALEM.—RIJAH, ELISHA'S SPRING.—THE DEAD SEA.—  
THE ENCAMPMENT.—ESDRABLON, TIEERIAS.—LEBANON.—THE CONVENT.—  
CONCLUSION.

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### I.

ANOTHER morn! — Land should be near us now,  
If chart and sextant tell their message true.  
Twice in such dawn's reflected blaze our prow  
Has bathed, since Ida faded from our view;  
And lo! a cloud-speck on the horizon blue!  
Our goal, our dream by night, our waking thought,  
Fervent as his, who, first of all his crew,  
Tracked in his midnight watch the light which brought  
That mutinous crew's rebuke, proof of the world he sought. (1)

## II.

High thoughts were doubtless his, whose toil severe  
 The barrier pierced of the mysterious West,  
 Traced the full round of Earth's completed sphere,  
 And brought her argued balance to the test ;  
 High thoughts were his.—But could the rising crest  
 E'en of a new and nameless world combine,  
 Though fair as fabled islands of the blest,  
 Such themes for thought, as round the bosom's shrine  
 Crowd at thy hallowed name, immortal Palestine ?

## III.

And would the sage, our country's pride, who bore  
 To ruder climes, o'er rougher waves than these,  
 The torch of wisdom, where the Atlantic's roar  
 Reverberates through the storm-swept Hebrides,  
 Were near me now ! From shores of Syrian seas  
 His mind had drawn a moral more profound  
 Than from Iona's ruin ; while the breeze  
 From Sharon's plain (²) shed holier influence round  
 Than Persian's grave exhales, or Greek's sepulchral mound.

## IV.

For not on Marathon the prize was gained  
 By man, which none but Heaven for man could win ;  
 Freed from the Persian's yoke, the soul remained  
 The unenfranchised serf of death and sin ;  
 Not by terrestrial champion, in the din  
 Of war, the shackles of that slave were riven ;  
 And if to men that cloistered pile within,  
 While darkness dwelt around, some light was given,  
 On Calvary first it dawned, fresh from its native heaven.

## V.

And, Byron! thou, whose eagle eye and wing  
 No sun could dazzle and no flight could tire,  
 Was it enough a careless hand to fling  
 In fancy's wayward mood o'er Judah's lyre?  
 To bid some transient gleam of light aspire,  
 In doubt and darkness only to subside,  
 Which, kindled here at founts of living fire,  
 Had spread perennial lustre far and wide,  
 And made thy Christian song a Christian country's pride?

## VI.

For thee the powers of evil and of good,  
 Which o'er the Hebrew prophet's corse of old  
 On Horeb's cliff in balanced conflict stood,  
 Renewed their strife. (3) — Enough! — Thy days are told:  
 Greece shook to hear thy funeral thunders rolled  
 From Missolonghi's rampart, when she paid  
 Her warrior requiem to thy relics cold:  
 The scales of heaven in which thy deeds are weighed  
 Are not for us to poise: — peace to thy mighty shade!

## VII.

Heaven seemed to smile upon our joyous band  
 Through Jaffa's portal as our course we sped;  
 For Spring with verdure decked our promised land,  
 The cistus flower beneath our camels' tread  
 Gave its crushed odours forth, and o'er our head  
 The tree which Zaccheus climbed, (4) a grateful screen,  
 Between us and the sun o'er-arching spread,  
 Till day light died, and evening's star serene,  
 Ere Ramla's tower we reached, shone through that vault of green.

## VIII.

And sweet our rest and pleasant were our dreams  
 In Ramla's convent cell ; but with the sun  
 We needs must onward. Loitering ill beseems  
 The pilgrim band, whose task is only done  
 At Zion's barrier when their course is run.  
 Emblem of human life the path which leads  
 To Zion's courts : friends leave us one by one ;  
 The landscape saddens, and to flowery meads  
 The mountain's toilsome pass and dark ravine succeeds.

## IX.

Down yonder path, which now the Armenian horde  
 Chokes with its Tartar march for many a mile,  
 How many a pilgrim stream of life has poured  
 For centuries past ! From northern Iceland's isle  
 To the far founts of Abyssinian Nile, (<sup>5</sup>)  
 Monk, warrior, bigot, saint, have urged their way,  
 And thronged and jostled in that close defile,  
 To brave the Moslem's might, or own his sway,  
 In peaceful palmer's guise, or harnessed war's array.

## X.

On yonder summit (<sup>6</sup>) desolate and bare,  
 His barbed war-horse English Richard reined,  
 And halted to survey with lion glare  
 The bourne, which fields of slaughter fought and gained,  
 And toil, and fiery courage, ne'er attained ;  
 For though in mid career none ever met  
 That steed, so mounted, who the shock sustained,  
 Yet jealous Gaul and Austria could beset  
 And foil with treacherous wiles thy force, Plantagenet !

## XI.

One last ascent, and lo ! our sight to bound,  
 A few grey towers and an embattled wall :  
 Northward a height by feathering olives crowned,  
 O'erlooks a deep ravine. (7) And this is all  
 Which aids a stranger's fancy to recall  
 The glorious memories of the past, and trace,  
 Beneath the folds of desolation's pall,  
 The lineaments of God's peculiar place,  
 Where once His blessing crowned the abode of Abraham's race !

## XII.

Pause here !—The bird of highest flight requires  
 Some moments' space to rise upon the wing ;  
 And thought, collected in itself, retires  
 Back from the brink, before it take the spring  
 Athwart the gulf of ages ; nor can fling  
 At once aside the load of dust and clay  
 Which earthward binds its best imagining.  
 Pause then a moment, pilgrim, on thy way !  
 Wait, as the Magian waits the expected burst of day —

## XIII.

To kneel — to worship ! — This is hallowed ground.  
 Names awful yet familiar to thine ear  
 Each object boasts ; and storied scenes surround.  
 Fain would I rest in solitude, nor hear  
 A voice to break the silence stern and drear.  
 Speed on, my Arab escort, fast and far ;  
 Spurn the hot sand, and couch the black-plumed spear !  
 Girt with thy cumbrous implements of war,  
 Spur to the gate thy steed, ride on, my janissar !

## XIV.

Ride on, where rest and luxury wait thy need,  
 Such luxury as thy simple tastes allow ;  
 The Arabian berry's juice, the perfumed weed ;  
 Nor deem it strange thy master loiters now  
 And checks his steed upon this summit's brow :  
 Thy scanty lore would fail thee to divine  
 What friends I left, what seas I dared to plough,  
 What pain to part, what toils to face were mine,  
 All for this hour, and thee, sad Queen of Palestine !

## XV.

This hour repays them all.—What dream could vie,  
 Were slumber's vision realized at morn,  
 With this illustrious scene's reality ?  
 Scan this one page, albeit defaced and torn ;  
 Trace its sad characters, and leave, with scorn,  
 All that remains of history's scroll unread.—  
 Can aught, on wings of human fame upborne,  
 Rival this desolate scene of glory fled,  
 Or Tiber's stream compete with Kidron's torrent-bed ?

## XVI.

Can strains of Pindus or Dodona's grove,  
 By fraud invented and by fools believed,  
 Match the high tale of superhuman love  
 Beneath yon olives' reverend shade achieved ?  
 The grave's defeat ; a world from death reprieved ;  
 When He, the Sinless, sin's vast ransom payed ; —  
 Tracked by His murderers, of His friends bereaved,  
 Kept His lone vigil in Gethsemane's shade,  
 And, while the guilty slept, the Guiltless watched and prayed !

## XVII.

What though the Frank (<sup>8</sup>) has crowned with towers yon height,  
 And veiled with mural art the sacred hill  
 Whence David drove the insulting Jebusite ;  
 Around His throne His glories linger still.  
 Down yonder vale is winding Siloa's rill ;  
 Those gnarled trunks are scions of the stem  
 Which with a SAVIOUR'S tears for human ill  
 Were watered once. I kiss the sackcloth's hem  
 Which wraps thy widowed form, forlorn Jerusalem !

## XVIII.

But, with no visions of the past beguiled,  
 My wearied courser paws the ground to tell  
 Through David's gate our rearward march has filed,  
 Eager to share the Latin father's cell.  
 Beside that gate the Nubian sentinel  
 Keeps sullen watch, and, as he eyes our train,  
 Scowls curses at the wandering infidel,  
 Nor deems the hour is near when o'er the main  
 Shall England send her sons to break the oppressor's chain.

## XIX.

But the gaunt peasant, crouching there the while,  
 In other guise would greet us, if the slave  
 Beneath the master's frown could dare to smile :  
 He trusts that England's sons shall cross the wave ;  
 That her right arm, of power to smite and save,  
 Shall fall in wrath on Ibrahim's blood-died crest ;  
 Dig in a plundered soil the plunderer's grave  
 And purge the land of its Egyptian pest :—  
 And how his prayer was heard let Acre's walls attest !

## XX.

I grudge not those their faith, the credulous train  
 Who tread the path enthusiasts trod before,  
 Dupes of the convent's legendary strain  
 For pious Helena forged in days of yore ;  
 Who fix each spot, each fancied site explore  
 Of every deed in Scriptural annals read :—  
 'Tis thus, when life's pulsation beats no more,  
 Misjudging friends o'er wasted features spread  
 Imposture's mask to cheat the mourners for the dead.

## XXI.

I bow not, therefore, in the gorgeous pile  
 Where golden lamps irradiate the gloom,  
 And monks their votaries and themselves beguile  
 To think they worship at their SAVIOUR'S tomb.  
 For rites like theirs let annual crowds illumine  
 Their odorous censers, scattering far and wide  
 Their fumes : I doubt the tale which monks assume  
 For gospel truth, and, were not this denied,  
 Much they misuse the spot where their REDEEMER died.

## XXII.

Well may the Turk, when Easter-tide collects  
 Its thousands for the Christian's holiest week,  
 Scowl in contempt upon the wrangling sects  
 Who desecrate the shrines at which they seek  
 To bid their rival clouds of incense reek ;  
 If to the grave, whence angels rolled the stone,  
 Alike by Latin, Copt, Armenian, Greek,  
 This be the reverence paid, the homage shown,—  
 Well had its site remained unnoticed and unknown !



## XXIII.

Rather than join in rites like these, be mine  
 To linger near the Temple's mighty base,  
 Where the sad remnant left of Judah's line  
 In weekly conclave weep its vanished grace.  
 Here paused the Roman, powerless to deface  
 The quarried structure's stones, whose wondrous girth  
 Might argue that the giant's hybrid race,  
 Which half from angel sires derived its birth,  
 Had planted here their throne, kings of an infant earth.

## XXIV.

Must Israel's children thus be doomed to weep  
 Beyond the precincts of their fathers' fane?  
 God of those fathers, do Thy thunders sleep?  
 Wilt Thou not loose the avenging hurricane  
 On Omar's dome,—bid Judah's lion mane  
 Shake off the dew-drops of its long repose?  
 Is there no hour shall see the crescent wane;  
 And Judah's star ascend the skies, and close  
 The eclipse of centuries past, the night of Israel's woes?

## XXV.

Vain thought! the ALMIGHTY'S thunders are not slow;  
 True to His bidding still they smite from far:  
 The Power which laid the triple rampart low,  
 And chained a people to the conqueror's car,  
 Was not the human might of Roman war,  
 Her disciplined strength or unexhausted hate:—  
 It is not now the Moslem's scimitar  
 Which guards the Temple's desecrated gate;—  
 Nor yet that phantom power, the heathenish poet's Fate.

## XXVI.

It is the living anger of the LORD  
 For oracles unheard and warnings braved.  
 A mightier weapon than the Moslem's sword  
 Denies a people, blinded and depraved,  
 Their Temple's entrance. 'Tis the sword which waved  
 O'er Eden's portal in the cherub's hand,  
 When our first parents, for their fault enslaved  
 To sin's sad bondage, issued, hand in hand,  
 To roam, with God their Guide, the yet unpeopled land.

## XXVII.

Yes! God was still their Father and their Guide;  
 And will be yours. It is His will to lead  
 By mazed paths, to mortal sight denied,  
 His erring children. Ages may succeed  
 On ages, ere the term of old decreed  
 For Israel's woes and wanderings shall be nigh;  
 And oft impatient man shall think to read  
 Its advent in the scroll of prophecy;  
 But vain his hope to pierce the counsels of the sky.

## XXVIII.

Waiting that hour, to scenes, by Scripture's muse  
 Immortal made, be mine my course to bend;  
 Nor doubt lest fraud the confidence abuse  
 Faith loves to give, though reason fear to lend.  
 What mighty memories on his steps attend,  
 Who from Jehosophat's vale by Bethany's town  
 Has climbed to heights which saw our LORD ascend,  
 And, breathless, from their loftiest cliff looks down  
 On Zion's outstretched courts, (°) and Moriah's mural crown!

## XXIX.

And cold the Christian heart could scan unmoved  
 The cave, which echoed to the word of power  
 By JESUS uttered o'er the dust He loved,  
 Wrestling from Death's unsated jaws the dower  
 Conveyed by Sin. Oh! in that fated hour  
 What thoughts were theirs, who round that cavern's lair,  
 But half believing yet, were seen to cower,—  
 Till near and nearer on the winding stair  
 The footstep's gradual fall arose to upper air!

## XXX.

To many a scene like these due reverence paid,  
 Then be the pilgrim's staff resumed, the steed  
 Again caparisoned, and in arms arrayed  
 Its rider. He may chance their aid to need,  
 Should the dark sons of wandering Ishmael's seed  
 Hang on his path in such sequestered spot  
 As where the good Samaritan checked his speed,  
 And, while he cheered the wounded Hebrew's lot,  
 In generous mercy's task sectarian zeal forgot.

## XXXI.

E'en danger has its charm, the unequal price  
 Of memory's after store paid in advance;  
 We do not count with calculation nice  
 The carats of the jewels which enhance  
 Life's value. Dazzled by the diamond glance  
 Of strange adventure, we pursue the gleam;  
 And, heroes of reality's romance,  
 Find waking life surpassing slumber's dream,  
 And weighed with sober truth how fancy kicks the beam.

## XXXII.

And thus we owned it when by Rijah's 'site, <sup>(10)</sup>  
 Beneath the fig tree's shade reclined, we kept  
 Watch, lest the booty-loving Moabite,  
 The barrier frail of Jordan's stream o'erleapt,  
 With stealthy march upon our camp had crept.  
 The shout of "Moab to the spoil!" had found  
 But feeble answer, if the swart adept  
 In plunder's wiles unseen had closed us round,  
 And in the hunter's toils his sleeping quarry wound.

## XXXIII.

Yet, with fair numbers in an equal field,  
 We scarce had shunned a skirmish but to taste  
 The stream, whose briny deeps Elisha healed,<sup>(11)</sup>  
 Fresh from its source,—the diamond of the waste.  
 For never Nature more profusely graced  
 In Grecian climes the fabulous Naiad's cell;  
 And poet never sung, nor pencil traced  
 In Fancy's hues, a scene might suit so well  
 Where nymph of classic song or northern fay might dwell.

## XXXIV.

With stem of silver, shining through the night  
 Of its dense foliage, o'er the chrystal deeps,  
 Impervious to the sun's meridian light,  
 From its gnarled roots the giant fig tree weeps.—  
 While evening's shade in deepening purple creeps  
 O'er Moab's distant hills, with nostril wide  
 And ear erect the Arab courser leaps,  
 And snuffs the promised luxury; in that tide  
 The day's long thirst to quench, and lave his reeking hide.

## XXXV.

Nor did the rider of the desert check  
 That steed. Dismounted, to the bank he trode  
 And led him onward, that with arched neck  
 He might quaff best the current where it flowed  
 Round his parched fetlocks deepest. Fair it showed  
 Those mirrored forms' wild beauty. In the throng  
 One pilgrim from the Western world there rode,  
 In whom that vision's memory, cherished long,  
 His toils and dangers past, at length broke forth in song :—

“ How thick yon fig tree's foliage weeps  
 O'er yonder glassy stream !  
 Reflected from its chrystal deeps  
 How pure yon planets gleam !

“ Pause, Arab, pause ! our pilgrim train  
 To-day has travelled far,  
 And oft thy foaming courser's rein  
 Was slacked for mimic war.

“ He wheeled, he charged for many a mile,  
 As though a foe were near ;  
 Here let him quaff, and thou the while  
 Lean on the planted spear.

“ E'en hot pursuit or hastier flight  
 That stream might lure to taste ;—  
 The star of widowed Rijah's night,  
 The diamond of the waste.

“ Not always thus ; — that stream for years  
    Beneath the curse divine  
Ran, like repentant Nature’s tears,  
    In bitterness and brine.

“ For, ere to Rahab’s window bound  
    The scarlet sign was hung,  
While tower and rampart crumbled round  
    As Joshua’s trumpet rung,

“ The curse which broods on Sodom’s lake  
    By yonder rill was shared,  
Till scarcely there his thirst to slake  
    The way-worn camel dared ;

“ But still with gaunt neck, travel bowed,  
    To Jordan onward strayed ;—  
Till Rijah’s sons invoked aloud  
    God and Elisha’s aid.

“ The prophet heard,— the waters knew  
    The sacred sign he showed ;  
And sweet as Hermon’s holiest dew  
    Through all their channels flowed.

“ And sweetly still those waters run,  
    But, ah ! through wasted lands ;  
Of Rijah’s thousand palms but one  
    Springs from her sterile sands.

- “ Yet in that blighted waste, no more  
 By earthly prophet trod,—  
 Greater than all who went before  
 Of Israel’s men of God ;
- “ Than him who saw from Gilgal’s plain  
 The Tishbite’s car ascend,  
 And sought with bursting heart again  
 A world without a friend ;
- “ Than him, whom Heaven, too good for earth  
 Pronouncing, claimed its own ;  
 Than all who since Creation’s birth  
 In heaven or earth were known,—
- “ That Prophet dwells, whose power, confessed  
 Through wide Creation’s plan,  
 Can cleanse that poison deep, the breast  
 Of unconverted man.
- “ Then, Christian ! in the record trace  
 The types of things to be ;  
 The cruse — of CHRIST’S absolving grace,  
 The bitter spring — of thee.”

## XXXVI.

As fevered sleepers, wake from dreams of bliss  
 To stern realities of gloom and pain,

So sudden pass we to the near abyss  
 Where sleep entombed the cities of the plain :  
 Where the hot gush of heaven's bituminous rain  
 O'er Nature's form its withering blight has shed,  
 And scored her forehead with the brand of Cain ;  
 And in that gloomy gulph's asphaltine bed  
 For judgment's final hour embalmed the sinful dead :—

## XXXVII.

The dead, with all their implements of life,  
 Their banquet halls, their gardens' cultured ground,  
 Their arts of luxury, and their arms for strife,  
 Inventions for delight of sight and sound.—  
 No storied pile, no monumental mound  
 Preserves the trace of power or wealth's decay ;  
 At eve they flourished ;— in yon blue profound,  
 When morning called the patriarch forth to pray, <sup>(12)</sup>  
 Quenched in its smouldering caves the guilty cities lay.

## XXXVIII.

Pause we not here ! To Santa Saba's towers  
 The ways are rough. The path to Salem's town  
 Is one of dark defiles and sultry hours.  
 Pause we not here ! From yonder mountain's crown  
 Perhaps e'en now the Ishmaelite looks down  
 And counts our numbers. Quit this awful shore,  
 Where never Spring relaxes Nature's frown,  
 For fairer visions ; turn we to explore  
 Some brighter legend's page in sacred Scripture's lore.



## XXXIX.

Rude is the pilgrim's shelter, scant his fare  
 For one on sensual luxury's pleasures bent ;  
 But who that home was ever known to share,  
 But for the moment deemed those arts misspent  
 Which gild the crowded city's banishment ?  
 Who ever left, that longed not to resume  
 The simple shelter of the Arab's tent,  
 Spoil of the dark-fleeced herd, whose hues of gloom  
 Outshine to him the tints of Ind or Persia's loom.

## XL.

Now practised hands have pitched the wanderer's home  
 And spread the carpet's many textured dies.  
 The lamp, suspended from its tapering dome,  
 Swings to the night wind. Near its portal lies  
 On dewy couch the steed. The starry skies  
 By glimpses through the fissured curtain dart  
 Supernal brightness, such as Beauty's eyes,  
 In joy at meeting or in pain to part,  
 Flash to the goal they seek, the trembling lover's heart.

## XLI.

Can joys in bacchanalian revel found  
 Match with this midnight scene of silence still ?  
 Can Europe's wine cup when it goes its round  
 Surpass the lucid nectar of the rill,  
 From whose pure breast at eve all drank their fill ;  
 Nor felt the rising vapours of excess  
 Obscure their reason and control their will ?  
 All, save the wanderers of the wilderness,  
 The patient camel's tribe, who know not thirst's distress.

## XLII.

Slave to mankind ! is there a region, say,  
 Beyond the bounds of his dominion placed,  
 Where thou in Nature's guise art free to stray  
 Unguided and unguided, and to taste  
 From Nature's hand her banquet of the waste,  
 Mimosa's thorn, or tamarisk's sapless bough?—  
 The lineage of man's other slaves is traced  
 To freedom's wilds on mount or plain, but thou !  
 Wherever known, thy neck to servitude must bow.

## XLIII.

Yet, tamed to burthens and inured to blows,  
 From birth to death on man's rough mercies thrown,  
 Pride may be thine : the Arab verse that flows  
 In beauty's praise still makes thy praises known,  
 And beauty's name synominous with thine own.<sup>(13)</sup>  
 Could flattery cancel destiny's decree  
 Which bows thy neck to bondage, or atone  
 For man's harsh usage, it were well for thee,  
 Poor wanderer of the waste, ship of the desert's sea !

## XLIV.

Round yonder watch-fire's blaze the muleteers  
 In circle close.—The leader of the throng  
 Fluent and fast, to never sated ears  
 The tale recites, or chaunts the Arab song,—  
 Wild stanzas, strange adventures. Loud and long  
 The applause resounds, as each invented sleight  
 Of magic art, or fate of Afrite strong  
 By Genii quelled in preternatural fight,  
 Fills as the story rolls each breast with fresh delight.

## XLV.

He little thinks, the tale he loves to tell  
 Which cheats his willing comrades of their rest,  
 Through many a midnight hour defrauds as well,  
 In foreign garb and other language dressed,  
 Of slumber's boon the children of the West ;  
 How many a sad or vacant mind the page,  
 With the same legendary lore impressed,  
 Has cheered, assuaged life's ills through every stage,  
 Given youth one smile the more, one wrinkle snatched from age.

## XLVI.

For not alone beneath her palm-tree's shade,  
 Amid the nargilè's <sup>(14)</sup> ascending cloud,  
 Does Eastern fiction dwell, or Scherezade  
 Dispense her favours to the listening crowd.  
 All ranks, all nations at her shrine have bowed :  
 The pictured forms her lively pencil drew  
 Please in all climes alike ; and statesmen proud  
 In grave debate have owned her lessons true,  
 Finding how ancient lamps sometimes excel the new.

## XLVII.

Far other task meanwhile for me delays  
 The needful gift of well-earned sleep's repose ;  
 The beam that from my tremulous cresset plays  
 Its light upon the sacred volume throws.  
 Oh ! who in distant climes the rapture knows,  
 E'en on the spot of which the tale is told,  
 To mark where Tabor frowns or Jordan flows.  
 To feel, at morn our steps shall print the mold  
 Where Gideon pitched his camp or Sisera's chariot rolled !

## XLVIII.

Such rapture ours, when, on Esdraelon's plain,  
 Tabor in front and Jezreel left behind,  
 By Kishon's source we pitched. Oh ! ne'er again  
 Shall joys of power like these to fill the mind  
 Rise in the civilized haunts of human kind.  
 How went I forth to watch the shivering ray  
 On Carmel's crest ; to hear upon the wind  
 The jackal's howl ; or rippling sounds betray  
 Where Kishon's ancient stream rolled on to Acre's bay !

## XLIX.

How, to our tents when morning's moisture clung,  
 Our memory turned to that oracular dew  
 From the full fleece which pious Gideon wrung !  
 'Twas here perchance that Israel's champion knew  
 The sign which spoke his high commission true ;  
 Down yonder vale perhaps, by Kishon's ford,  
 Towards the slumbering heathen's camp he drew  
 His chosen hundreds, silent — till the sword  
 Flashed to the frightened skies, of Gideon and the Lord.

## L.

Egypt, the Mede, the Amalekite's locust swarm  
 Have poured successive o'er the wasted land,  
 Spoiling man's works, without the power to harm  
 The lasting traces of his Maker's hand.  
 With front unchanged the enduring rocks command  
 The pass from whence the storm of battle broke  
 On Jabin's host and heathen Hazor's band,  
 When at the word the Hebrew sybil spoke,  
 "Up, Barak, up !" he rose, and spurned the oppressor's yoke.

## LI.

Still o'er thy watered meads, Esdraelon,  
 Crowned with its forest garland Tabor towers ;  
 And Kishon mirrors as its stream flows on  
 Its reddening fringe of oleander flowers.  
 Still on that soil abundant Nature showers  
 Her gifts, and o'er it wafts her breath of balm ;  
 And fair the land as in its earlier hours,  
 When Deborah judged the tribes beneath her palm,  
 Or Ephraim's echoing mount gave back her victor psalm.

## LII.

Was not the pilgrim's toil twice paid to stand  
 Upon the famous shore of Galilee ;  
 Tracing a SAVIOUR'S foot-prints on its strand,  
 His path upon its waters ? O'er that sea,  
 From the hot chambers of the South set free,  
 The desert wind in fitful gusts was hurled,  
 Making the waves dance with demoniac glee,  
 High as in empty menace once they curled  
 Round the frail bark which held the SAVIOUR of the world.

## LIII.

Oh ! but for thoughts which hallow scenes like these,  
 For the high charm which wraps each sacred name,  
 Our strength had wasted ; and the desert breeze  
 Had parched our sinews with its breath of flame.  
 Languid the halt, and sad our march became ;  
 Arab and steed, twin children of the wild,  
 Alike before that furnace breath grew tame.  
 No shout betrayed, no song our march beguiled,  
 As by Tabaria's (<sup>15</sup>) walls our way-worn train defiled.

## LIV.

Yet here, when vulture sickness hovering o'er,  
 Prepared to chuse his victim from our brood,  
 In the rich memories of that haunted shore  
 The mind, unconquered, gathered strength renewed.  
 Here, where the howling demon fled subdued,  
 Conscious Incarnate Mercy's power was near ;  
 Where JESUS listened as the soldier sued,  
 And heard the widow's prayer, and from the bier  
 Bade Nain's dead rise up, could faith give way to fear ?

## LV.

On shores a SAVIOUR chiefly loved to tread,  
 Where one bright cycle of His course was run,  
 Where JESUS healed the living, raised the dead,  
 And from the grave's defeated tyrant won  
 The soldier's servant and the widow's son ;  
 Where every name of river, mount, or plain,  
 Recals some deed of love and wonder done ;  
 What Christian heart could faint, what voice arraign  
 His power to save, or deem His promised mercy vain ?

## LVI.

And did not Hermon's snow-clad summit shine,  
 And Lebanon wear his wintry garb, to fill  
 Our hearts with hope, like beacons o'er the brine,  
 Which aid the storm-tossed pilot's failing skill ?  
 The promised sparkle of the ice-cold rill,  
 The shade the mountain's forest-girdle cast,  
 Though distant yet, with life and hope could thrill  
 The exhausted breast, while still that fiery blast  
 Hung on our weary flight as Houlè's swamps we passed.

## LVII.

On Lebanon's side, where with precipitous sweep  
 His furrowed flanks descend to Djoreni's bay, *Sidon*  
 A sea-mark to the wanderer of the deep,  
 A convent stands ; and, traveller, if thy way,  
 Beneath the heat of Syria's summer ray,  
 To Baalbec's pile or far Damascus lies,  
 Ask entrance there, and from its roof of clay  
 Look round ; but chuse that hour when earth and skies  
 Seem in one golden haze to melt as daylight dies.

## LVIII.

Mark where beneath its vault of mellowest green  
 The pine-tree stem in deeper glory glows  
 Than the red soil it springs from, while between  
 In sheets of bloom the rhododendron blows,  
 And, far below, the mulberry's terraced rows  
 The labours of the sturdy Druse attest,  
 Or Maronite father's toil, who better knows  
 That soil to till than in the human breast  
 His Scriptural seed to sow, the Gospel of the blest.

## LIX.

Within those walls two rival sects reside ;  
 Chuse thou the host who owns Byzantium's rite ;  
 To female guest his door is not denied  
 Should such thy train include ; the Maronite,  
 Wiser or frailer, shuns the dangerous light  
 Of beauty's eyes. I may not blame the rule  
 Ordained to fence the Latin cenobite  
 From sinful snare, and keep the passions cool  
 Which else might break the laws of Rome's severer school.

## LX.

Then pass the wealthier structure's portal by ;  
 But at this humble door, whate'er thy need,  
 From heat to harbour or from foes to fly,  
 Knock and find entrance. Sex, or race, or creed  
 Pass here unquestioned. Toil or hunger plead  
 Persuasive here the wayworn stranger's cause ;  
 And the kind fathers practise here, unfeed,  
 The code of Charity's universal laws,  
 Nor seek the world's rewards, nor ask the world's applause.

## LXI.

If Syria's suns their brand of fire have left  
 Upon the wasted frame or fevered cheek,  
 The breeze that sweeps the neighbouring glacier's cleft  
 Or snows which cap El Sannin's loftiest peak  
 Shall fan thy temples. Here no vapours reek  
 Hot from the marsh's pestilential bed.  
 Here fever's throes shall find the rest they seek,  
 Kind hearts and hospitable hands to spread  
 The fainting wanderer's couch, and raise his drooping head.

## LXII.

I speak who know them.—That the golden bowl  
 For me remained unbroken at the well,  
 The silver cord unloosed which links the soul  
 To its frail mansion,—that I live to tell  
 My wanderings o'er,—to charities which dwell  
 In that sequestered convent's rugged lair  
 I own the debt. Long may their vesper bell  
 Pour privileged music <sup>(16)</sup> on the mountain air,  
 And call the faithful few to unmolested prayer !



## LXIII.

Seas roll between us ; and the hope were vain  
 That bark of mine her anchor e'er should heave,  
 Or spread the sail, to plough those seas again.  
 Yet, though we meet on earth no more, 'twould grieve  
 The guest they saved and sheltered, to believe  
 In those bright mansions that we ne'er might meet,  
 Where angel hosts the expected guests receive,  
 And nations of the earth with pilgrim feet  
 Shall tread the glassy gold of Heaven's translucent street. (17)

## LXIV.

May Heaven forgive that hope !— If I too much  
 And far have ventured ; if the cherub's wing  
 Which shades the ark, I have presumed to touch ;  
 With voice profane if I have dared to sing  
 Of themes too high ; and swept the sacred string  
 To none but masters of the lyre allowed ;—  
 Then may this world's neglect or censure fling  
 Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and shroud  
 The rhymer and the rhyme in one oblivious cloud.

## LXV.

Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's muse,  
 Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief crusade,  
 The tribute of the Wanderer's song refuse,  
 Too feebly uttered and too long delayed ?  
 Whose voice could cheer him ; and whose accents made,  
 Like sound of waters bubbling from the sand,  
 The desert smile ; whose presence, undismayed  
 By toil or danger, o'er our fainting band  
 Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in a weary land.

## LXVI.

O guide, companion, monitress, and friend !—  
And dearer words than these remain behind,—  
If, in the strain in which I fain would blend  
Thy name, some charm to which the world were blind,  
Some dream of past enjoyment thou canst find ;  
If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,  
One note of music murmur on the wind ;  
If in this wreath one flower be found to twine  
And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I ask is mine.

*Worsley, November 16, 1841.*



## Notes.

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### NOTE 1, PAGE 3.

If I remember right, Columbus himself was the first to observe a light on the coast of San Salvador, which was the earliest certain indication of land and inhabitants.

### NOTE 2, PAGE 4.

It is supposed that one of the varieties of the cistus which abounds in the plain of Sharon is the rose of Scripture. The perfume wafted seaward from the Syrian coast as we approached it was powerfully sweet, especially at night. It brought Milton's magnificent lines to our recollection.

### NOTE 3, PAGE 5.

EPISTLE OF JUDE, verse 9.—“Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him any railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee.”

### NOTE 4, PAGE 5.

The sycamore, which is designated as the species climbed by Zaccheus, flourishes in great beauty near Jaffa.

### NOTE 5, PAGE 6.

Some of the pilgrims we encountered were from Ahyssioia.

### NOTE 6, PAGE 6.

The summit is shown from which Richard Cœur de Lion is supposed to have looked down on Jerusalem, like Moses on the promised land, and with a like result.

## NOTE 7, PAGE 7.

True, but not *the* Mount of Olives, which is on the other and eastern side of the city.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 9.

The Castle of David, so called, is, I believe, a Vœnetian work on a very ancient substruction.

## NOTE 9, PAGE 12.

For a description of this splendid view see De Lamartine. Also Roberts's Picture, of the Exhibition of 1841.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 14.

Rijah, the Arabic name for Jericho. Buckingham and Robinson both doubt the identity of this site with that of Jericho.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 14.

II KINGS, ii. 19 — 22. "And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of the city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren.

"And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him.

"And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the LORD, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land.

"So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake."

## NOTE 12, PAGE 18.

GENESIS xix. 27, 28. — "And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the LORD: and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

## NOTE 13, PAGE 20.

*Djemat*, the Arabic name for camel, most in use out of the six hundred which that language possesses, also signifies beautiful. When the young ladies of Hasbya became troublesome by their incursions, I asked my interpreter for a term of compliment, and he suggested this. It had the effect I expected, for they giggled and retired. Many of them deserved the title.

## NOTE 14, PAGE 21.

The *nargile* is a contrivance for passing smoke over water, less complicated than the Indian hookah, and much used in Syria, though it must be fatal to the lungs.

## NOTE 15, PAGE 23.

I am afraid that Tābārīa, not Tābārīa, is the proper pronounciation, but I have sinned in good company :—

E'en tender maids assume  
The weighty morion and the dancing plume,  
And smile to see their armour's iron gleam  
In the blue waters of Tabaria's stream.

*Heber's Palestine.*

## NOTE 16, PAGE 26.

It is only in the district of Lebanon that the Christian subjects of the Ottoman empire are allowed the privilege which has been so poetically extolled by Shakspeare and Cowper.

## NOTE 17, PAGE 27.

REVELATIONS, XXI. 21.—“And the street of the city was pure gold as it were traosparent glass.”

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